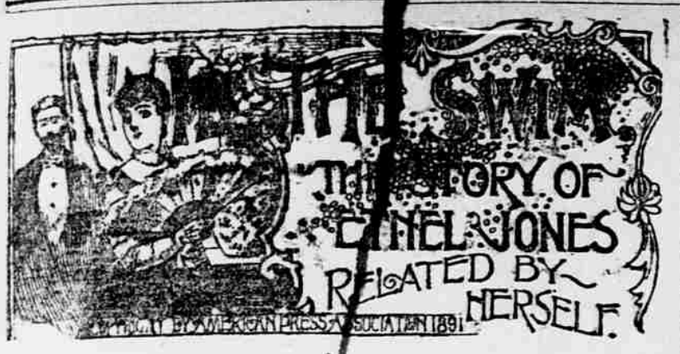


CHAPTER I.—Ethel Jones, the heroine of the story, is the daughter of a Philadelphia business man, with no social ambition for his two daughters. Mrs. Jones, however, desires them to shine in society. The father dies, leaving his family in rather straitened circumstances. Thanks to the management of the mother and Ethel's experience at Miss Mayburn's school, Ethel becomes acquainted with Lotty Hathorne, and through her enters society.

CHAPTER 2.—Describes Ethel's first dinner party at Mrs Hathorne's, which she enjoyed tremendously, flirting a good deal with Messrs. Mason Temple, Algernon Fairfax Van Strousiaer, Penn Charter and Branscombe Boulliter. She met and was much impressed with Mr. Middleton Hall, a sensible man who had been a friend of her father.

Chapter 3 describes Ethel's first winter. She is discreet, and makes a general success, but is annoyed by the necessity, especially at her first assembly ball, of restraining her desire to be too unconventional. She decides to marry well before the close of the next winter. Mr. Charter being her proposed victim. Her mother promises to go to Narragansett during the summer.

Chapter 4 details the occurrences of the season at Narragansett. Ethel flirts with Bran Boulter, and receives a proposal of marriage from Middleton Hall, which she refuses. He goes to Germany. Winter comes on, and Charter proposes and is accepted. Then Bran Boulter, whom Ethel supposed to be proof, follows suit, to be rejected, of course, and then Middleton Hall returns and proposes again, but vainly. Her marriage to Charter takes place, and Ethel's mother is happy. So is Ethel, after a fashion, for she really likes her husband.

CHAPTER V.

To find myself spread out at full length on a rug.

We went to Europe on our bridal tour and were there three months.

As neither of us cared much for the dolce far niente of Venice we spent most of our time in London and Paris, which two cities Penny knew thoroughly. He took me to quite a number of extraordinary little places which are rarely known by Americans. I am afraid that at any rate he preferred Lord's Ground to South Kensington, and St. Stephen's to the Albert hall. I insisted on my privilege as a married woman and accompanied him to St. Stephen's hall and to the cafes chantants in Paris. I am bound to say they were remarkably amusing, and they certainly delighted Mr. Charter. He used to go about Paris humming "Voyez-vous ce b'garcon là," just like any gamin. There were one or two other places in Paris to which I must confess I had a great desire to go.

Penny went off by himself to see some trained animals at the Folies Bergeres, which he said were very good, but he absolutely refused to go again and take me, which I considered very mean in him, especially as I had made no objection to his going alone, and after that I didn't dare mention Mabille. I don't know how I brought myself to leave the Parisian theaters—but I was really growing a little weary of tete-a-tete fun, and my new habiliments cried to me with many rustlings not to let their seams get rubbed nor their foldings permanent. Penny had behaved like an angel in to Worth, and though I three times left him at the hotel laboring under the impression that I was going to the galleries instead of to the magasins of the Louvre, he never so much as winked at the bills nor lamented that he had not been by my side to check me. It was a new and delicate pleasure to be shopping for male approbation.

Penny and I had some very amusing times over my purchases. He really came to view the lace insertions from an artistic standpoint. I succeeded in persuading a perfect little treasure of a French woman whom I met at the Bon Marche to return with me as my maid, and my bonnets and gowns were absolute triumphs. (Anybody can buy a derby hat, an ulster and dogskin gloves or masculine looking umbrellas, though I have known girls to come back from England actually pink with pride in their own cleverness in being able to purchase just such articles of raiment, but it isn't everybody who can get her own bonnets. This I say for the benefit of my masculine readers, and by getting bonnets I don't mean putting yourself, body and soul, into the hands of a clever French woman, by any means.) But though it seemed as if we had been buying a great deal, we only had to get five extra trunks.

Anybody who has ever voyaged home from a foreign land will know how delighted I was when I awoke to find that the miserable screw had stopped, and that out of the porthole I could see, dim and misty in the early morning, the outline of Sandy Hook. We went directly to Newport, where we had been fortunate enough to get a cottage for the last half of the season, and that very afternoon I found myself on the big sound steamer the Bristol, smiling at the difference between her deck and that of the Britannic, and between the East river and the waste of waters to which I had grown accustomed.

While I was thus employed, and as if to give me a foretaste of the pleasures in store for me, Penny, who had left me for a moment, came back with a couple of men at his side, and at the sight of the tallest of them I smiled to myself a smile of contentment, for I felt that the pleasures of my married life had now begun. The man—the tallest—was Knaterskill Langton, and the other, whom I did not know, was presented to me as Capt. Brague. They obtained a couple of the ridiculous little camp stools that stand about on the decks of the Sound steamers and sat down beside me. Now that I could do so I took a good look at Mr. Langton. He was a tall, rather heavy man, of extremely English and elegant appearance, and his clothes had that absolutely simple and correct air that proclaims the genius of swellness.

He looked worn, but his expression was kindly, and he turned in his toes as he tipped back his chair in a manner that instantly proclaimed high birth and a genteel education. Captain Brague was a jolly looking man with a beautiful figure. He was dressed quite as well as Mr. Langton himself, and he wore a garotte collar with more ease than I had ever seen shown by any man before.

"Just come home, have you, Mrs. Charter?" said Mr. Langton. "Oh! And didn't you think Nelly Farren very fetching?"

"Awfully fetching," said I with a smile.

"And isn't Arthur Roberts a card?"

I really felt that I ought not to admit that I knew who Arthur Roberts was, but Mr. Langton's question was put so naturally that I was just going to answer, in spite of Penny's mean amusement at my hesitation, when Captain Brague interrupted me.

"There you are again," said he, "with your precious topical songs. What on earth does Mrs. Charter care for a beastly comic singer of the present day? If you're in for song, tip us some Lever now"——

It was then that I perceived that the captain was an Irishman.

"A gentleman of Tom Moore's time," he continued, "would be singing 'Love's Young Dream' or 'The Young May Moon' to Mrs. Charter, but I'll be bound if you were to serenade her you'd begin with 'The Two Obadiahs!'"

Mr. Langton smiled amiably. "Wait till we get to Newport before you begin your serenading, won't you?" said he to his friend. "I assure you," he continued, turning to me, "he's a regular Blondel."

"Where is your cottage?" asked Captain Brague. I had to confess that I did not know the town at all, whereat both of my hearers expressed much surprise. Mr. Langton immediately began to give me an eloquent description of the pleasures and beauties in store for me. "It's a jolly place," he said, "and a beautiful place too. Ask Captain Brague; he's sentimental, and he goes in for natural beauty and all that. And you'll have a jolly good time there."

I was not ready to believe just then that anything could be more engaging than the scenery about me. The sun was beginning to burn deep red in the haze of the lower sky; the breeze on the water was fresh and invigorating, yet warm and full of life—everything about us was bustle and animation. We were now passing through narrow channels, on the one side of which were high banks on whose crest appeared the streets of the city, sometimes neat and trim, sometimes straggling and decidedly Hibernian, on whose slopes, often rocky and covered with spruce, were crowded a hundred gay arbors and pavilions, from which children in white dresses and smart sashes waved their handkerchiefs at us, and strains of popular music came suddenly to our ears; and on the other side were lower shores, islands with green, well kept lawns and strong, unmistakable, yet picturesque buildings, gravelly beaches, snug little country places with elaborate fences and queer little boathouses standing over the water, into which swept and swung the waves from our great wheel.

Later on, when the talkative passengers were subdued and the prudent discarded their dusters for their overcoats, when the schooners which we met were farther and farther apart; when the waters broadened out and the roar of the city was far behind us; when the sky beyond the low shores on our right hand took on a tinge of dusky blue which suddenly grew pink and then faded out again into distant darkness; when the breeze blew still more soft and pleasant and a lighthouse far ahead showed a twinkling spark just as the first star appeared above us, I felt a great peace of spirit and a happiness. If the way to Newport lies through such scenes as these, I thought, what must Newport be? And when, indeed, I found myself in that earthly paradise I rejoiced, for my dream of happiness was realized. And what a change had been made in me in one year's time!

What a contrast there was between Ethel Jones and Ethel Charter! A year ago I had been an ignorant, though ambitious girl; for me a dusty row of hotels, a narrow programme of provincial gayeties and a foolish romance, over which I could now smile with perfect equanimity, had been food for my soul. Now I was a woman, calm and secure; before me was spread a magnificent landscape, a glittering society; the life which I was to live was full and stimulating. "Heavens," I thought to myself, "it is but a year since Bran Boulter was the sun of my system, and now I find that he is only a star in a system so vast that I need a telescope to see out of it."

I leaned back comfortably in my coupe and drew my light wrap about my shoulders as I drove home from the first dinner given in my honor—a year before I would have scampered back to the hotel along the moonlit shore with Bran by my side. "I have much to learn," I thought, "but I can learn in a day what other women would take years to comprehend. Let me shake off the last vestiges of my bread-and-butter days and be a woman of the world." If I had pursued such a train of reflections much farther I should probably have made an attempt to establish myself as one of the leaders of the mode—as an arbitress in society. But I was still too intent on gayety and enjoyment to care to direct matters which did not amuse me, and I confined myself to the endeavor to be amused in my own way.

Mrs. Hannibal St. Joseph, the wife of the great New York capitalist, who, at the time of my arrival—I cannot say led—who levered Newport society just as she had been doing for some years, seemed at first to think of trying to crush me by a sort of ponderous imitation of one of her husband's "operations," but she became very good humored as soon as she discovered that Penny's fortune had been absurdly overestimated, and that I was not going to seduce her chef from her nor run rival balls and buy up all the provisions in town, nor make a "corner" in girls or flowers, nor do anything of that sort, and I thought her first alarm quite as reasonable as her subsequent good nature.

Over her I did not care to triumph, but I could not put up with the calm "cheek" of Mrs. Jonas Moderninstance, nee Mayflower. That cultured Bostonian (an exceedingly clever woman, I do not deny) actually thought that I was, or ought to be, afraid of her. I remember that one evening after a dinner at Mrs. St. Joseph's she and I and Knaterskill Langton had in some manner been thrown together—and she was in a very bad humor. She need not have minded Mr. Langton, who was the best natured man in the world (and everybody knows who the Hudson Langtons are), and as for me, I was at least intelligent.

But at dinner she had not been put anywhere near Professor Dreiddop, the great German idealist, and he had departed immediately after the repast, and thus she had been unable to put to him her famous question, which was understood to have formed the basis of an article by her in The Atlantic Monthly—as to whether Schopenhauer's pessimism, when read by the light of a sentence from one of Mr. Emerson's essays, did not appear to be optimism in disguise. While she was sitting with us and still in the sulks on account of her disappointment we somehow began talking of a beautiful Boston girl who moved about in the whirl of society at Newport, calm, pale, lovely and dignified, who smiled like a saint and was supposed to be a sort of mystical compound of mediævalism, transcendentalism and erudition—and I very naturally acquiesced in Mrs. Moderninstance's praises of this remarkable young lady; and Mr. Langton said:

"Awfly handsome; awfly clever, by George, but I can't make her out. Now a fellow can make out Mrs. Charter, you know—she don't confuse our heads, you know, though she does confuse our hearts. Eh, Mrs. Charter?"

Mrs. Moderninstance went on, still speaking of her young woman:

"I think she may fairly be said to be a type, somewhat sublimated, perhaps, but still distinctly a type of northern growth. She is the result of causes which exist in greater purity with us in New England than elsewhere, and though the exquisite delicacy of such a nervous system may not be envied by people who have what are called strong constitutions, I have often noticed that she excites a feeling of awe among other girls. Of course our own girls are accustomed to the type."

"Mr. Langton," said I, "do you know Miss Cherry Mayson?"

"Yes, indeed," said he; "an awfly jolly girl, and with lots of pluck—awfly plucky, by Jove!"

"Do you think," said I, "that she would be likely to stand in awe of the young lady of whom Mrs. Moderninstance has been speaking?"

"Well, I say," answered Mr. Langton, "a girl who can hold on to the ribbons for nearly two miles, drive a wicked pony into a haycock, and then drop her little brother out behind is not likely to be afraid of any fellow, you know."

I had calculated that Mr. Langton's answers would be satisfactory.

I knew of what Mrs. Moderninstance had been thinking. A day or two before the said Cherry Mayson, a sufficiently giddy little Philadelphian, had lapsed into complete silence on a sailing party when Mrs. Moderninstance's young woman began to quote Montaigne, and had not spoken again until the company came back to ordinary topics of conversation. I felt very much like repeating to Mrs. Moderninstance Miss Mayson's private comments on the entertainment, but as I happened to know that Mr. Langton had witnessed Cherry's little adventure I preferred to play that off against the sailing party. But to imagine that a Philadelphia girl of my position would feel awed by anybody! I was only impatient with the people who tried to snub me. Being "out of amusement" I did not want to have any trouble in asserting myself—in fact, I did not care to be bothered in any way. If, said I to myself, we are epicureans, do let us be good humored.

I found plenty of good humor, begone-dull-care good humor, in the Langton set, into which Penny and I presently entered. Katty Langton took quite a fancy to Penny, and Penny reciprocated his feelings. We became yachts people, polo people; we had little suppers chez vous and little dinners chez nous. We drove about madly and never conversed very rationally. Most of us could have conversed rationally, I suppose, but we did not care to. I may say, in parentheses, that I did not take much to the polo. It was a pretty sight, but I soon began to think it very slow when only two men played on a side. Captain Brague himself, whom Mr. Langton had brought over almost expressly for the game, confided to me that he thought it a beastly pretense at playing, and Penny was somewhat superior and could not be persuaded to try it. Still everybody went to the grounds, and it was quite satisfactory to sit on a drag and feel that you were in it.

The yachting was the supreme pleasure. I remember one day which Mr. Langton set apart for some special celebration. He and Penny had had a grand "spree" the night before—in fact all our men had taken part in it—and though it was whispered that Captain Brague had "stuck" an unhappy New Yorker very badly at piquet I discovered that Penny had manfully held his ground. "I don't easily get taken into camp, you know," said he when I joked with him about it. But on the morning of our excursion none of the men looked one whit the worse for their revelry, and as we cut through the rippling blue waters between the Dumplings and the fort we presented an unquestionably delightful appearance. We passed the little Narragansett boat on our way out of the harbor, and every one on board of her ran to the side, for the long black lines and tapering masts of the Hildegarde were famous everywhere.

Katty Langton himself, in full yachting trim, leaned over the taffrail waving his hand to one or two men on the little steamer who recognized him and shouted at him. Mrs. (who refused to be called La Signora) Conchas Especiales, the wife of the great Cuban tobacco planter, with Mrs. Freebody, stood arm in arm under the awning, with my husband lying on the deck near them. Captain Brague and Eleanor Gander were in the bow together (either flirting or concocting mischief, it was impossible to tell which), and Paddy Gander and I were swinging ourselves by some of those mysterious ropes that are always so plentiful on board a yacht.

If I had been on the Narragansett boat instead of on the yacht I know that I should have jumped overboard out of sheer envy. How salt and cool was the wind which blew athwart our bows that day! how clear and distinct showed the shores by which we sailed! It was my first big "spree," and I enjoyed it accordingly. Paddy Gander was giving me a most amusing account of the little artifices practiced by Rosenberg, a young Hebrew who was trying to get into society in Newport, and who went incessantly to a Presbyterian church, thinking that no one would believe that he could be a convert if that were his faith, when Captain Brague called to us to come and see his little invention. This consisted of a roulette board, chalked out upon the deck, and a tectotum which one of the sailors had made for him out of a bit of wood.

The captain constituted himself the "bank," and we were all of us soon absorbed in pushing about the little squares of cardboard from a game of logomachy which somehow turned up in the cabin, and other small articles, representing the heavy stakes (they were only quarter dollars) for which we had agreed to play. Eleanor Gander became tremendously excited, and when Mrs. Especiales pulled out a little package of Cuban cigarettes declared that if she had not learned to smoke in Cuba it was only because she had never had the opportunity, and promptly thrust a cigarette between her audacious little lips. Of course it became a disastrous wreck; but after she had one rolled for her she puffed away with much delight.

Mrs. Freebody began to smoke without any ado; but I declined, because I was privately afraid of being ill, and I was rather glad I had done so when I saw Eleanor coughing at every third puff. Our game, which was interrupted by this little incident, was resumed with more fervor than ever, and whenever Mr. Langton proposed to have "a little appetizer before lunch" the idea was received with entire acquiescence. I caught myself wondering what the sailors would think of it. After all, there was nothing extraordinary in it. We were living a perfectly natural existence. When the sailors were on shore they played cards and drank spirituous liquors; our game was a little more involved and our "drinks" were "mixed."

Our impulses were perfectly natural. We were really free from artificial polish and veneer. We conducted ourselves with propriety because we had innate ideas on the subject, not because we chose to pay a hypocritical homage to conventional virtue. Such, at least, were my thoughts at the time. As I say, I did smile a little to find myself spread out at full length on a rug, sipping a sherry cobbler and laughing at a conversation which owed none of its attractiveness to covert allusion or sly reference.

But where was the harm? I had been accustomed to take not a little pride in my cleverness of managing a conversation so as to steer clear of people's prejudices and flatter their peculiarities, so as to suggest rather than to speak plainly and to glide over things personal or undignified with easy grace; but the people with whom I now mingled seemed to take no thought of possible deep feeling, to be utterly regardless of hidden meanings. They talked of everything with the utmost frankness; I began to think that I had been only stiff where I thought I had been dignified, and unnecessarily prudish where I had supposed myself to be elevated in tone.

I never once said to myself, Vogue la galere, and I had no feeling that I was falling away from righteousness; I was quite content to think that this was the proper way of life, and that if Bunyan had not gone to the Celestial City along this path it was only because the necessities of his century had forced upon him a narrower set of ideas. "Lady Mary was quite right," said I, thinking aloud, just after making some reflections similar to these.

"What on earth is Mrs. Charter talking about?" said Paddy Gander. "Mrs. Charter, your 'lush' has gone to your head, I'll be bound. Why didn't you listen to my story about my sister Eleanor and the milk punch?"

"Mrs. Charter is absent minded. Charter, that's a doosid bad sign. I'll go bail that your wife has smashed herself on some London actor. Plenty of girls have done that, you know."

Eleanor Gander jumped up at this sally from Katty Langton, and threatened to pour a pitcher of champagne cup over his head. Miss Gander was the young lady who had had a statue made of Capulet, the handsome young tragedian, after the pattern of the Beiridere Apollo, and always had it put on the table when she took her breakfast. I got a chance to explain presently that I had been thinking of Lady Mary Wortley Montague's saying, that she had been all over the world and found only two kinds of people—men and women.

"All people are alike," said Paddy Gander.

"Not a bit of it," said Captain Brague. "Men are divided into two classes—the men who'll trust you and the men who won't."

"And the girls are divided into two classes—the girls who'll kiss you and the girls who won't," said Paddy laughing.

"Not for you, you impertinent young man," said Mrs. Freebody.

"Well, which do you mean?"

"I'm an old woman, sir, and I wasn't a girl when you began to go about, but if I had been there would have been an exception. I should have boxed your ears."

"Well," said Paddy, "I wish all girls would kiss me."

"Isn't he horrid!" said Eleanor.

You see, at the very first I fell in with people who egged me on, and if I took pleasure in such employment as this it may be supposed that my liking did not fail for want of supply. By the time we returned to Philadelphia I had come to have a very decided opinion as to the manner in which I wished to amuse myself during the winter. After we had fairly settled down in our country house I began to think Philadelphia stupid, and perhaps provincial; but I soon found opportunity to continue my career of gayety.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FAVORED GRAHAM.

What Texas Town Can Boast of More Natural Advantages than the Progressive Town of Graham?—Read the Facts.

Railroads from any direction through Graham, would cross over coal and other minerals, which, through hot or cold, wet or dry seasons, for all time would reliably contribute to them and general local trades and business an enormous trade, compared to that from agriculture and livestock, which would fully equal that, their only resource for business along other lines. Moreover, state maps show Graham midway (of the 120-mile distance) between the Texas and Pacific and Fort Worth and Denver railroads, and the central point of the circle (always the strong point—"the hub,") formed by the nearest surrounding railroad towns—one of them—each approximately sixty miles distant, whose thrift is more or less supported from Graham's legitimate trade. So great that, nevertheless it is a live town, which, being without and so remote from railroads considered, all passing strangers pronounce it the best and prettiest town in the state. With railroad advantages, Young county would treble its population within a year, and its agriculture and varied mineral resources would accordingly develope. Now, exclusive of the coming "Rock Island," four railroads, of their finished grade, range within from forty-one to fifty-seven miles, either of which could build here within four months' time, their construction only contingent upon the sale of their bonds, a probable matter soon, and completed hereto, would assure the recovery of her legitimate trade, and obviously concentrate it in greater ratio from surrounding railroad towns than before they wrested it from her. So, home-seekers, and those seeking places for new business enterprises, should look well to Graham, whose location in a healthy, beautiful, reliably good agricultural and stock-raising country, certainly the equal of the best west of Dallas, and amidst abundant, varied mineral resources, distant sixty miles to nearest railroad towns, and from ninety to one hundred and twenty miles from nearest cities, show its exceptional favorable position and conditions to warrant a marvelous growth and progress in industrial and general business, and finally bound to take precedence, as it lead all towns west of Fort Worth.

ALONE.

My life puts forth to sea alone;
The skies are dark above;
All round I hear gray waters moan—
Alas for vanished love!

"O lonely life that presseth on
Across these wastes of years,
Where are the guiding pilots gone—
Whose is the hand that steers?"

The pilots they are left behind
Upon yon golden strand;
We drift before the driving wind;
We cannot miss the land—

That land to which we hurry on,
Across the angry years:
Hope being dead, and sweet Love gone,
There is no hand that steers.

—Philip Bourke Marston in New York Truth.

No. 173.—Zigzag.

The zigzag, beginning at the upper left hand corner, will spell the delight of every boy. Cross words of three letters each: 1. A kind of tree. 2. An article of dress. 3. Much used in winter. 4. A snare. 5. A vehicle. 6. Skill. 7. A body of water. 8. Much used in summer. 9. Relatives. 10. A wager. 11. A sailor.

No. 174.—Two in One.

We're at home in high life,
She and I.
We're both at the top,
And 'twould break us to drop,
She and I.

We're both of us tongusy—
Both.
Saints and sinners I call
To my golden wall;
"To a charity ball
Come, golden friends all!"
She quoth.

Sometimes we are cracked,
She and I.
But we go at full swing,
And we both love a ring,
She and I.

No. 175.—Pi.

Kuel ai veer gantiwi fro tomsighen ot nurt pu.

Braol hwti enrk syee nad rgsnto lilw, tlwl ntru pu metsghoni.

No. 176.—Words Within a Word.

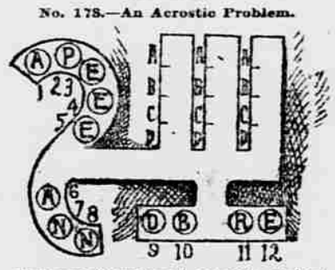
In a word of ten letters, meaning a portion or subdivision, find (without transposition of letters) words having these definitions:

1. To go away. 2. Equal value. 3. A portion. 4. An article. 5. Intrigue. 6. Members of the human race. 7. Myself.

No. 177.—An Arithmetical Puzzle.

Show that the half of eleven is six, of twelve is seven, and of thirteen is eight.

No. 178.—An Acrostic Problem.



Make small cardboard counters, and letter them like the printed ones on your diagram. Place them exactly over the corresponding ones in the picture, and then move them as follows: Moving one letter at a time, get, in the three spaces A, a word describing an insect. Letters or counters cannot skip or jump, but each one must have a clear path. When this word is made move three more letters to B spaces, making a word representing a color. Next, in C spaces, make an animal. Last, in D spaces, make a pet name for a girl. When the words are properly arranged, the initials reading down will give a kind of meal, and the finals will give the name of a garden. The numbers will serve for explaining moves.

No. 179.—Diamonds.

1. In correspondent. 2. A head covering. 3. Vies. 4. The chief city. 5. Small. 6. To speak. 7. In vestal.

1. A consonant. 2. An article. 3. Something enjoyed. 4. A place of amusement. 5. Consumed. 6. A number. 7. A consonant.

No. 180.—Anagram.

A distingnished American:
HE LIVES WELL, LORD O' MEX.

No. 181.—Easy Squares.

1. Square a point of the compass with a plant which flowers but rarely, a word expressing a part, and a river in the north of England.

2. Square a word expressing a valuable but often misused possession, with a thought, a name for animal food, and a person's action when that food comes to table.

3. Square a word meaning destiny, with a space on which a building stands, an outward sign of grief, and the plural of an organ of sense.

4. Square a beautiful sweet scented flower with a precious stone, a part of a ship, and a female Christian name.

5. Square a river in Germany with a heavy metal, with a word meaning unadorned, and the name of a garden mentioned in the Bible.

6. Square a savage animal with the shape of an egg, with the condition of a cripple, and a word meaning to run away.

Figuratively Speaking.

What three figures multiplied by 4 will make precisely 5? 1¼ or 1.25.

Why is twice ten like twice eleven?

Because twice ten are twenty, and twice eleven are twenty-two (too).

Which is the greatest number? six dozen dozen or half a dozen dozen?

Why, six dozen dozen, of course; six dozen dozen being 864, and half a dozen dozen 72.

Key to the Puzzler.

No. 164.—Crossword Enigma: Bill Nye.

No. 165.—Pi:

A glory apparels the corn;
The meadow lark carols the morn;
The dew glistens over
The grass and the clover,
'Tis June—and the summer is born!

No. 166.—Three Constellations: Lyra. Gemini. Capricornus (cap-rye-cornus).

No. 167.—Favorite Geraniums: 1. Lady Washington. 2. Marshal McMahon. 3. New Life. 4. Happy Thought.

No. 168.—Conundrums: They are both on time.

No. 169.—Rhomboids:

LUNCH
PARES
BOATS
PROPS
SPATS

TOTAL
NATAL
NORAH
METAL
SETON

No. 170.—Incomplete Sentences: Pirates—prates—pates—pats. 2. Bramin—brain—bran—ban. 3. Grabble—gabble—gable—gale.

No. 171.—Hidden Rivers: Edisto, Adige, Saone, Colorado, Wabash.

No. 172.—Beheadings: I-deal, I-rate, I-slam, I-vied, I-conical.

The Next Theatrical Season.

The theatrical season just passed has been the worst on record, and there is little prospect that next season will be any better. The chief characteristic of next season will be the great number of companies which will play farce comedies. In fact, there seems to be some probability that farce comedy will be largely overdone and that many of the 125 companies going on the road will lose money. Another feature of the season will be the large number of plays by American authors which will be produced. The era of worship for things foreign which has prevailed for some years has ended, and the Yankee playwright will have things all his own way for a while now at any rate.

AERIAL SPIDERS.

A Description of Flying Spiders Which Spin Their Webs in a Balloon of Fibers.

Popular Science News calls attention to an interesting description of the aerial or balloon spiders, which, spinning their web in a tassel, or balloon of fibers, rise into the air and are sometimes wafted immense distances by the wind, much as the seeds of dandelions or thistles are scattered over the land by the feathery plumes with which they are provided. The studies of careful observers have shown the way in which these little balloons are made. The spider climbs to the top of a shrub or some other elevated position, to avoid collision with surrounding objects, and spins a thread, which as it is formed rises into the air, probably lifted up by the current of heated air ascending from the ground. After the first thread reaches the length of a foot or two the spider cuts it off, and attaching it to some neighboring object proceeds to spin another. The process is repeated until a sufficient number have been formed to give sufficient buoyancy to carry the spider on her proposed journey, when gathering them together she lets go, and is wafted by the currents of air for many miles. These flying spiders have been observed at a height of 2,000 feet, and it is believed that their journeys often exceed 100 miles.

BALLOON SPIDERS.

At the right in the cut is represented a spider spinning the threads to form the balloon. At the left is shown a spider with a balloon completed and floating in the air. At the top is seen a tuft of threads left by a spider after the completion of the journey.

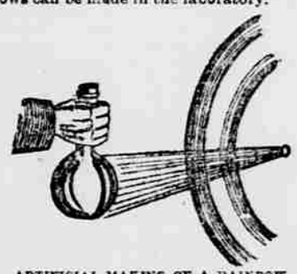
The cause of the buoyancy of these little spider web balloons is not thoroughly understood. Apparently the separate threads are charged with electricity as soon as formed, and thus repel each other, to form a light, bulky plume, instead of adhering together in a heavy mass. Their buoyancy is most probably due to the currents of heated air which surround them, and, in fact, the fibers themselves would become sufficiently heated by the sun's rays to warm the surrounding air and create an ascending current. It has been noticed that the spiders only take their aerial journeys on bright, sunny days, and that the shadow of a passing cloud, or the cutting off of the sun's rays by an artificial screen, causes the threads to droop and collapse.

The New Slow Burning Powder.

Guns have lately been built longer in order to get the full advantage of the slow burning powder which is now being used. This combination of longer gun and slower powder gives a higher velocity, which means in effect not only a longer range but also greater penetrative power and destructive energy on the part of the shot. With the old powder the shot received merely a sharp, short blow—that is to say, the powder suddenly produced a very high pressure, which fell as soon as the shot commenced its movement—and had a long gun been employed, the result would really have been a diminution of velocity. With the slow burning powder a high pressure in the bore can be maintained for a much longer period.

Natural and Artificial Rainbows.

Rainbows are to be found in every waterfall when looked for at the proper angle. Sometimes there are plain single bows, sometimes double bows (as at Niagara), sometimes treble bows and complete rings, as among the cataracts of the Yosemite and the Yellowstone. But falling water is not essential for their production. According to Mr. Froude, there is a rainbow every night and morning over the island of St. Lucia, in the West Indies. And rainbows can be made in the laboratory.



ARTIFICIAL MAKING OF A RAINBOW.

In the cut here reproduced from Golden Days is illustrated one of the simplest methods of artificially making a rainbow. The sun's light is admitted through the hole in the shutter, and reflected from the water bottle on to a screen. This simple experiment can of course be readily performed at home by the most youthful of scientists.

A Homemade Microphone.

A member of the Chemists' association of London recently described how those who are disposed to amuse themselves in this way can make an instrument which will render audible the footsteps of a fly. The little apparatus consists of a box with a sheet of straw paper stretched on its upper part. Two carbons, separated by a morsel of wood and connected with the two circuit wires, are fastened to it, and a carbon pencil, placed crosswise between the two, is kept in this position by a groove made in the latter. A very weak battery is then sufficient to set the instrument at work, and when the fly walks over the sheet of paper it produces vibrations strong enough to react energetically on an ordinary telephone.

Phospho boric glass for microscopes is a new kind of optical glass, which contains phosphoric acid and boracic acid, and is designed especially for the construction of object glasses. According to The Photographic News, it is asserted that by means of this new glass, lately produced in Germany, an object possessing no more than the ordinary 1-800th part of a millimetre can be distinctly recognized.

IN THE DAYS OF GOOD QUEEN BESS.

This Famous Queen Dined with Sounding of Trumpets and Kettledrums.

While the queen was at prayers in the antechapel a gentleman entered the room having a rod, and along with him another who had a tablecloth, which, after they had both knelt three times with the utmost veneration, he spread upon the table, and after kneeling again they both retired. Then came two others, one with the rod again, the other with a saltcellar, a plate and bread; when they had knelt as the others had done and placed what was brought upon the table they also retired with the same ceremonies performed by the first. At last came an unmarried lady, who we were told was a countess, and along with her a married one, bearing a tasting knife. The former was dressed in white silk, who, when she had prostrated herself three times in the most graceful manner, approached the table and rubbed the plates with bread and salt with as much awe as if the queen had been present.

When they had waited there a little while the yeomen of the guard entered, bareheaded, clothed in scarlet, with a golden rose upon their backs, bringing in at each turn a course of twenty-four dishes served in plate, most of it gilt. These dishes were received by a gentleman in the same order they were brought, and placed upon the table, while the lady taster gave to each of the guard a mouthful to eat of the particular dish he had brought for fear of any poison. During the time that this guard (which consisted of the tallest and stoutest men that could be found in all England, being carefully selected for the purpose) was bringing dinner, twelve trumpets and two kettledrums made the hall ring for half an hour together. At the end of all this ceremonial a number of unmarried ladies appeared, who with particular solemnity lifted the meat off the table and conveyed it into the queen's inner and more private chamber, where after she had chosen for herself the rest went to the ladies of the court. The queen dined and supped alone, says Henrzer, who gives this vivid picture of court customs. There were very few attendants, and it was very seldom that anybody, foreign or native, was admitted at that time, and then only at the intercession of somebody in power.

The Tallow Tree.

The tallow tree is a curious vegetable growth of China, in regard to which a British consul gives the following interesting information: The tallow tree (stillingia sebifera, roxb.), bears a fruit which produces oil as well as tallow. The berries, which resemble coffee beans in appearance and size, are first steamed and then pounded in an ordinary rice trough. By pounding, the soft, mealy mesocarp is partially separated from the kernels. The whole is then placed in a bamboo sieve, the meshes of which are just large enough to allow the mealy matter to be scrubbed through and small enough to keep back the kernels, which are hard, black and about the size of peas. From the mealy matter the tallow is expressed in primitive wooden presses.

To obtain oil the kernels are dried and passed between two millstones held at such a distance apart by means of a bamboo pivot as to crush the hard shells of the kernels without injuring the white interiors. The whole is then passed through a winnower, which separates the broken shells from the solid matter. The latter is then placed in a deep iron pan and roasted until it begins to assume a brownish color, the process being accompanied by continual stirring to prevent burning. The crushed shells make an excellent fuel for the purpose. It is then ground by a huge stone roller in a circular stone well, steamed and made into circular cakes, with bamboo and straw casings and passed through the wooden press. A good lighting oil of a brownish yellow color is thus obtained. The tallow is called "p'i yu"—that is, skin or external oil.

Discoveries by Accident.

The composition of which printing rollers are made was accidently discovered by a Saloplan printer. Not being able to find the "pelt ball" he inked the type with a piece of soft glue which had fallen from the glue pot. It was such an excellent substitute that, after mixing molasses with the glue, to give the mass a proper consistency, the old "pelt ball" was entirely discarded. The auger with the twisted shank, which makes it self discharging, is also the result of an accidental discovery. The real screw auger is an American invention, dating back to the year 1774, when John White and Benjamin Brooke, of Hammer Hollow, Valley Forge, Pa., noticed some boys boring holes in the ground with some pieces of hoop iron. One of these, which had become twisted, was seen to bring up the dirt each time as it made a complete revolution. Being men of an observing turn of mind White and Brooke began to debate the possibility of constructing a tool for boring wood on the same principle. It was immediately tried, with the addition of a screw point for drawing the cutting edge into the wood. It is needless to add that the experiment was eminently successful.

Maternal Songs.

Of American origin is:

Rock a by baby on the tree top,

Which is too familiar to need additional quoting. The Detroit lullaby is:

Hush, my baby, sleep, my sweet,
Father's trying to sell his wheat;
Hush, little baby, don't you cry,
You'll be an alderman by and by.

Strongly characteristic of the land of the Vikings is the Norwegian maternal song:

Row, row to Baltnarock,
How many fishes are caught in the net?
One for father and one for mother,
One for sister, and one for brother.

In Sweden puss is used as an inducement to make children sleep:

Hush, hush, baby mine;
Pussy climbs the big green pine;
Mother turns the millstone,
Father to kill the pig has gone.

Why It Is Called Timothy Grass.

Timothy, or herd grass, is the most common grass of continental Europe, growing wild throughout all the vast region between the Miditerranean sea on the south and the North sea in the direction the name implies. According to The American Gardener, it is not known exactly when it was first introduced into the United States, but this much is known: It takes the name from Timothy Hanson, a farmer of Maryland, who brought it under general notice as a hay grass after he had cultivated it extensively for his use for years. It is a curious fact that although its native home is in Europe, the United States is the first country in which it was grown, cut and cured for hay.